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A SELECTION

OF

H Y M N S,

FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS,

SUPPLEMENTARY

FOR

THE USE OF CHRISTIANS.

Church of the Brethren

And they sung a new song, &c. REV. v. 9.

FIRST EDITION

GERMANTOWN:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN LEIBERT, JUN'R.

G. & D. BILLMEYER....PRINTERS.

1816.



DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, TO WIT:

L. S.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the eighteenth day of November in the forty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1816, JOHN LEIBERT, JUN'R. of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"A selection of Hymns, from various Authors, Supplementary for the use of Christians.— And they sung a new Song, &c. REV. v. 9. First Edition."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intituled, "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned."—And also to the Act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to An Act, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the Times therein mentioned," and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other Prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN I. C. M.

The spiritual coronation. Cant. iii. 11.

ANGELS.

- 1 **A**LL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

MARTYRS.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the son of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

CONVERTED JEWS.

- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race
A remnant weak and small;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

BELIEVING GENTILES.

- 4 Ye Gentile sinners ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

OF EVERY AGE.

- 5 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,

Now joy with all the hosts above,
And crown him Lord of all.

OF EVERY NATION.

- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
Upon this earthly ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

HYMN II. S. M.

Forms vain without Religion.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Maker, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories now diffus'd abroad
Thro' the creation's frame.
- 2 Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too,
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.
- 4 [But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.]

- 5 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain ;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.
- 6 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

HYMN III. L. M.

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?
Such let our conversation be ;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight :
Humility and holy zeal
Shone thro' his life divinely bright.
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move !

HYMN IV. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high?
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long sought rest,
 That only bliss for which it pants
 In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,
 I now the cross sustain,
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I suffer on my threescore years
 Till my deliverer come,
 And wipe away his servant's tears,
 And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise!
 I see a world of Spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there!
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here
 If Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away:
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

HYMN V. C. M.

- 1 **A**ND must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For ev'ry vain and idle thought,
And ev'ry word I say?
- 2 Yes, ev'ry secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert,
For all that I have done.
- 3 How careful then ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behaviour here!
- 4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful pow'r bestow!
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.
- 5 If now thou "standest at the door,"
O let me feel thee near!
And make my peace with God, before
I at thy bar appear.

HYMN VI. P. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Saviour stands:
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;

With his redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead ;
 His blood was spilt for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
 Receiv'd on Calvary ;
 They pour effectual prayers,
 They strongly speak for me :
 Forgive him, O forgive they cry !
 Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear annointed one ;
 He cannot turn away
 The presence of his Son :
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconcil'd,
 His pard'ning voice I hear :
 He owns me for his child,
 I can no longer fear :
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

HYMN VII. L. M.

Jehovah-Shammah, Ezek. xlviii. 35.

1 **A**S birds their infant brood protect
 And spread their wings to shelter them ;
 Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
 " So will I guard Jerusalem."

2 And what then is Jerusalem,
 This darling object of his care ?
 Where is its worth in God's esteem ?
 Who built it ?—who inhabits there ?

- 3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son ;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God
The sinners whom he calls his own.
- 4 There, though besieg'd on ev'ry side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well ;
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.
- 5 Let earth repent, and hell despair,
This city hath a sure defence ;
Her name is call'd, *The Lord is there*,
And who has power to drive them thence.

HYMN VIII. L. M.

Thy kingdom come, Matt. vi. 10.

- 1 **A**SCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad ;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.
- 2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.
- 3 O let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord ;
Let saints, and angels praise thy name,
Be thou thro' heaven and earth ador'd.

HYMN IX. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, Jerusalem, awake,
No longer in thy sins lie down :
The garment of salvation take,
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes,
Arise and struggle into light,
Thy great Deliv'rer calls, Arise !
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair,
Sion assert thy liberty,
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from ev'ry sinful stain,
Be like your Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.
- 5 The Lord shall in your front appear,
And lead the pompous triumph on ;
His glory shall bring up the rear,
And perfect what his grace begun.

HYMN X. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And serve my Saviour here below,
In works which all the saints above,
Which holy angels cannot do.
- 2 My faith and hope may see the Lord,
Though veils of darkness lie between ;
Hope shall rest firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unseen.
- 3 Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry soul and clothe the poor ;
In heav'n are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.
- 4 Subdue thy passions, O my soul
Maintain the fight, the work pursue,

Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

- 5 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no fields of battle there,
Lord I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 6 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown.

HYMN XI. L. M.

The Christian Race. Isa. xl. 28—31.

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls (away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought begone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry saint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply:
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN XII. L. M.

The benefit of Public Ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care;
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If Satan rage, and sin grows strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the gospel-armour on,
 To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,
 (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise
 With healing beams beneath his wings.
- 6 Father! my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN XIII. L. M.

- 1 **B**E with me, Lord, where'er I go,
 Teach me what thou would'st have me do;
 Suggest whate'er I think or say,
 Direct me in the narrow way.

- 2 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
 Incline my nature to obey :
 What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
 And only love what pleases thee.

HYMN XIV. C. M.

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

- 1 [BEGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing,
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad ;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim, " Salvation from the Lord,
 " For wretched dying men ;"
 His hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass
 The mighty promise shines :
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze
 Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 His very word of grace is strong,
 As that which built the skies ;
 The voice that rolls the stars along,
 Speaks all the promises.
- 6 O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, " Thou art mine !"
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.

- 7 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure !
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.]

HYMN XV. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nail'd to the shameful tree.
 How vast the love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend !
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles bend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;
 " Receive my soul !" he cries :
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine.
 O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
 Was ever love like thine !

HYMN XVI. P. M.

The Privileges of the Sons of God.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the sons of God,
 They are bought with Jesu's blood,
 They are ransom'd from the grave,
 Life eternal they shall have.
 With them number'd may we be,
 Now and thro' eternity !

- 2 God did love them in his Son,
Long before the world begun ;
They the seal of this receive
When on Jesus they believe.
With them, &c.
- 3 They are justify'd by grace,
They enjoy a solid peace ;
All their sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great day.
With them, &c.
- 4 They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness !
Born of God, they hate all sin,
God's pure seed remains within.
With them, &c.
- 5 They have fellowship with God
Thro' the Mediator's blood ;
One with God, thro' Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.
With them, &c.
- 6 Tho' they suffer much on earth,
Strangers to the worldlings mirth,
Yet they have an inward joy,
Pleasures which can never cloy,
With them, &c.
- 7 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ ;
They with love and peace are fill'd,
They are by his Spirit seal'd :
With them number'd may we be,
Now and thro' eternity !

HYMN XVII. L. M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God ;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the pow'rs within me join
 In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;
 His favours claim thy highest praise ;
 Why should ungrateful silence hide
 The blessings which his hands provide ?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels—
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years ;
 He fills our store with ev'ry good,
 And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
 And often gives the suff'rer rest ;
 But will his justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.

HYMN XVIII. P. M.

- 1 **B**URST ye em'rald gates and bring
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All th' extatic joys, that spring
 Round the bright elisian ;

Lo we lift our longing eyes,
Break ye intervening skies;
Sons of righteousness arise,
Op'n the gates of paradise;

2 Floods of everlasting light,
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him;
Angel trumps resound his fame,
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
All the music of his name;
Heaven echoing the theme.

3 Four and twenty elders rise,
From their princely station;
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the great salvation;
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
Glory be to God alone,
Holy! holy! holy one.

4 Hark—the thrilling symphonies,
Seem, me thinks, to seize us—
Join we too the holy lays—
Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung—
Jesus—Jesus flow along.

HYMN XIX. P. M.

Living by Faith connected with Works.

1 **B**Y faith I live, by faith I see,
That Jesus gave his life for me;

By faith I venture on his grace,
And through his blood my sins efface.

- 2 Yet faith alone will not suffice,
To bring me to that Paradise ;
That heaven, where holy angels dwell,
And souls redeem'd from death and hell.
- 3 Our works on earth are works of love,
Which frame our minds for things above,
And if we would on Christ depend,
His blessed voice we should attend.
- 4 To blend the two in one we see,
How faith and works do sweet agree ;
And through their influence we shall find,
A God most gracious, good, and kind.
- 5 Then let us learn to watch and pray,
And strive to walk the narrow way ;
And if we would true pleasure find,
Our sins must all be left behind.
- 6 Thus when we leave this world of woe,
A witness we shall leave below ;
That ages yet unborn may see,
The right we have to liberty.

HYMN XX. C. M.

The different Success of the Gospel. 1 Cor.
i. 23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme :
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlighten'd from above
With joy receive the word ;

They see what wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

- 3 The vital savour of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN XXI. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us use the grace divine,
And all with one accord,
In a perpetual cov'nant join
Ourselves to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Give up ourselves thro' Jesu's pow'r,
His name to glorify ;
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die.
- 3 The cov'nant we this moment make
Be ever kept in mind ;
We will no more our God forsake,
Or cast his words behind.
- 4 We never will throw off his fear,
Who hears our solemn vow ;
And if thou art well pleas'd to hear,
Come down and meet us now !
- 5 Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Let all our hearts receive ;
Present with the celestial host,
The peaceful answer give.

- 6 To each the cov'nant blood apply,
Which takes our sins away ;
And register our names on high,
And keep us to that day.

HYMN XXII. P. M.

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a king
Large petitions with thee bring :
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin !
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face ;
Thus unto mine heart appear,
Print thine own resemblance there,
- 6 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

- 7 Shew me what I have to do,
 Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

HYMN XXIII. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour Jesus, from above !
 Assist me with thy heav'nly grace ;
 Empty my heart of earthly love,
 And for thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,
 And set my longing spirit free !
 Which pants to have no other will,
 But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,
 No other good will I pursue :
 I'll bid this world of noise and show,
 With all its glitt'ring snares adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,
 In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;
 Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
 Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight
 Divide this consecrated soul :
 Possess it thou who hast the right,
 As Lord and master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
 But thy pure love within my breast ;
 This only this, will I require,
 And freely give up all the rest.

HYMN XXIV. S. M.

A psalm before sermon.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown :
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own ;
He form'd us by his word
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod :
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.
- 5 But if your ears refuse
The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
That unbelieving race,
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance drest,
Will lift his hand, and swear,
“ You that despis'd my promis'd rest
“ Shall have no portion there.”

HYMN XXV. L. M.

- 1 **D**ISMISS us from the house of pray'r,
With blessings, such as mortals need :
And make our souls thy constant care,
Till we from evil shall be freed.

- 2 And if we never meet again
 Till we our Lord appearing see,
 ④ may we all with Jesus reign,
 And always with our Saviour be.

HYMN XXVI. O. M.

The everlasting Song.

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long;
 'Tis time I lift mine eyes
 Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,
 And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest Man my Saviour sits;
 The God! how bright he shines!
 And scatters infinite delights
 On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs with elevated strains,
 Circle the throne around:
 And move and charm the starry plains,
 With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs;
 Jesus, my love, they sing:
 Jesus, the life of both our joys,
 Sounds sweet from every string.
- 5 [Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
 Of time and space they run;
 And echo in majestic sounds
 The Godhead of the Son!
- 6 And now they sink the lofty tune,
 And gentler notes they play;
 And bring the Father's *equal* down
 To dwell in humble clay.

- 7 O sacred beauties of the *Man* !
 (The *God* resides within :)
 His flesh all pure without a stain ;
 His soul without a sin ;
- 8 But, when to *Calvary* they turn,
 Silent their harps abide :
 Suspended songs, a moment, mourn
 The God that lov'd and died.
- 9 Then, all at once, to living strains
 They summon every chord :
 Tell how he triumph'd o'er his pains,
 And chant the rising Lord.]
- 10 Now let me mount and join their song,
 And be an angel too ;
 My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
 Here's joyful work for you.
- 11 I would begin the music here.
 And so my soul should rise :
 O for some heavenly notes to bear
 My passions to the skies !
- 12 There ye that love my Saviour sit :
 There I would fain have place,
 Among your thrones, or at your feet,
 So I might see his face.

HYMN XXVII. C. M.

Faith of Things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
 And dwells in heav'nly light.

- 2 It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made
By God's almighty word;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die
That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN XXVIII. S. M.

*The beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship
and order.*

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well;
- 4 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report,

- 5 How decent and how wise !
 How glorious to behold !
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die ;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And our's above the sky.

HYMN XXIX. L. M.

*The Enjoyment of Christ ; or, Delight in Wor-
 ship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts vain world begone,
 Let my religious hours alone ;
 Fain would my eyes my Saviour see ;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire :
 Come my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare !
 How sweet thy entertainments are !
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 4 [Hail, great Immanuel, all divine !
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XXX. C. M.

Prospect of the Millenium.

- 1 **F**ATHER, is not thy promise pledg'd
To thine exalted Son,
That through the nations of the earth
Thy word of life shall run ?
- 2 “ Ask, and I give the heathen lands
“ For thine inheritance,
“ And to the earth's remotest bounds
“ Thine empire shall advance.”
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own ;
While Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?
- 4 [When shall th' untutor'd Indian tribes,
That dark bewilder'd race,
Sit down at your Immanuel's feet,
And learn and feel his grace ?
- 5 Are not all kingdoms, tribes and tongues
Under th' expanse of heav'n,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exemption giv'n ?
- 6 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name ador'd !
Europe with all thy millions, shout
Hosanna's to the Lord.
- 7 Asia and Africa resound,
From shore to shore his fame ;
And thou America in songs,
Redeeming love proclaim.

HYMN XXXI. C. M.

The Excellency and Sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.
- 2 **H**ere, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 **H**ere the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,
Sublimier sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 **H**ere, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 **O** may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 6 **D**ivine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

HYMN XXXII. C. M.

Fellowship with God.

- 1 **F**ROM all that's mortal, all that's rain,
And from this earthly clod :

- Arise my soul and strive to gain,
Sweet fellowship with God.
- 2 Say, what is there beneath the skies,
In all the paths thou'st trod ;
Can suit thy wishes or thy joys,
Like fellowship with God.
- 3 Not life, nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road ;
Can to my soul such bliss impart,
As fellowship with God.
- 4 Not health, nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth that golden load ;
Can such delight or comfort show,
As fellowship with God.
- 5 When I am made in love to bear,
Affliction's needful rod ;
Light, sweet and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 6 In fierce temptation's fiery blasts,
Or dark desertion's road ;
I'm happy if I can but taste,
Some fellowship with God.
- 7 So when the icy hand of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood ;
With joy I'll yield my latest breath,
In fellowship with God.
- 8 When I at last to heaven ascend,
And gain my blest abode ;
There an eternity I'll spend,
In fellowship with God.

HYMN XXXIII. C. M.

The example of Christ and the saints.

- 1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
 The saints above, how great their joys ;
 How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their couch with tears,
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sin, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came ?
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb ;
 Their triumph, to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
 (His zeal inspir'd their breast :)
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern giv'n,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heav'n.

HYMN XXXIV. P. M.

Glorious things spoken of Zion, the City of God,
Isaiah xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word can not be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode ;

On the rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ? -
 With salvation's walls surrounded
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 [See ! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage ?
 Grace, which like the Lord the giver,
 Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hovering
 See the cloud and fire appear !
 For a glory and a covering,
 Shewing that the Lord is near :
 Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day ;
 Safe they feed upon the manna
 Which he gives them when they pray.
- 4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to God ;
 'Tis his love his people raises
 Over self to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.
- 5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I thro' grace a member am ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 I will glory in thy name :
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show !

Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

HYMN XXXV. L. M.

*Longing after God; or, The Love of God better
than life.*

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,]
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear
Among thy saints, and seek thy face,
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
Throughout the remnant of my days.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—3.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,

- If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name.
- 4 If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain.
Nor tongues, nor gift, nor fi'ry zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfill.

HYMN XXXVII. Psalm 137 O. M.

Love to God.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In swift obedience move ;
The devils know, and tremble too ;
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;

'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY is he, whose early years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Tis easier work, if we begin
To serve the Lord betimes;
While sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young :
With joy it crowns succeeding years,
And makes our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God ! to thee
Our hearts we now resign :
'Twill please us, to look back and see,
That our whole lives were thine !
- 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ our daily breath :
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,
Or fit for early death.

HYMN XXXIX. P. M.

The voice of Christ.—"Lovest thou me,"
John xxi. 16.

- 1 **H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord;
Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliver'd thee, when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wounds;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light."
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

HYMN XL. P. M.

Finished Redemption.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary !
 See ! it rends the rocks asunder,
 Shakes the earth and veils the sky !
 " It is finish'd !"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry !
- 2 It is finish'd ! O what pleasure
 Do these charming words afford !
 Heavenly blessings without measure,
 Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 Finish'd, all the types and shadows
 Of the ceremonial law !
 Finish'd, all that God had promis'd ;
 Death and hell no more shall awe.
 It is finish'd !
 Saints, from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 [Happy souls, approach the table,
 Taste the soul-reviving food ;
 Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
 As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
 It is finish'd !
 Christ has borne the heavy load.]
- 5 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
 Join to sing the pleasing theme ;
 All on earth and all in heaven,
 Join to praise Immanuel's name !
 Hallelujah !
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb !

HYMN XLI. C. M.

Reign of Christ.

- 1 **H**ASTEN O Lord the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone ;
And all the nations of the world,
Shall bow before thy throne.
- 2 Then shall pure converts crowd thy gates,
Press to the gospel sound ;
And grace eternal sweetly shine,
To ravish all around.
- 3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
Raise the dear cross on high ;
And from a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.
- 4 Now shall the glorious gospel fly,
To sound the Saviour forth ;
And faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.
- 5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow ;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.
- 6 Lord, we would bless thee for a ray,
Of such triumphant grace,
That leads to everlasting day,
And pure eternal bliss.

HYMN XLII. C. M.

I am the Lord that healeth thee, Exod. xv.

- 1 **H**EAL us, *Immanuel*, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch ;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word,
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
Far be that from the Lord !
- 3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief ;
“ Lord, I believe,” with tears he cried,
“ O help my unbelief.”
- 4 She too, who touch’d thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, “ Daughter, go in peace,
“ Thy faith hath made thee whole.”
- 5 Conceal’d amidst the gather’d throng,
She would have shunn’d thy view ;
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.
- 6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal’d away.

HYMN XLIII. L. M.

The Christian crowned.

- 1 **H**ONOR and happiness unite
To make the christian’s name a praise :

How fair the scene, how clear the light,
That fills the remnant of his days!

- 2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.
- 3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the etherial dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.
- 4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
Th' expences of his heavenly birth.
- 5 The noblest creatures seen below,
Ordain'd to fill a throne above;
God gives him all he can bestow,
His kingdom of eternal love!
- 6 My soul is ravish'd at the thought,
Methinks from earth I see him rise;
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

HYMN XLIV. C. M.

Mercies and Thanks.

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heav'ns abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?

Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

- 3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine:
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet, if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

HYMN XLV. C. M.

Going to Church.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“ In Zion let us all appear,
“ And keep the solemn day !”
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The Church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest,

With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God my Saviour reigns.

HYMN XLVI. C. M.

Morning before Baptism; or, at the water side.

- 1 **H**OW great, how solemn is the work,
Which we attend to day!
Now for a holy, solemn frame.
O God, to thee we pray.
- 2 O may we feel as once we felt,
When pain'd and griev'd at heart;
Thy kind, forgiving, melting look,
Reliev'd our every smart.
- 3 Let grace which then was exercis'd,
Be exercis'd again;
And, nurtur'd by celestial power,
In exercise remain.
- 4 Awake our love, our fear, our hope,
Wake fortitude and joy;
Vain world begone; let things above,
Our happy thoughts employ.
- 5 Whilst thee, our Saviour and our Lord,
To all around we own;
Drive each rebellious, rival lust,
Each traitor from the throne.

- 6 Instruct our minds, our wills subdue,
 To heaven our passions raise ;
 That hence our lives, our all may be
 Devoted to thy praise.

HYMN XLVII. P. M.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,
 Till Jesus made me whole ;
 There is but one physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul ;
 Next door to death he found me,
 And pluck'd me from the grave ;
 To tell to all around me :
 His wond'rous pow'r to save !
- 2 Of men great skill possessing,
 I thought a cure to gain,
 But that prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain :
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost,
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great physician,
 How matchless in his power,
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my cure.
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my sight had seal'd,
 Then bid me look unto him,
 I look'd and I was heal'd.
- 4 A bleeding dying Jesus,
 Seen by an eye of faith,

At once from sin it frees us,
 And saves our souls from death !
 Come then to this physician,
 His help he'll freely give ;
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis, only look and live.

HYMN XLVIII. C. M.

*Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the
 Guests. Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place
 With Christ within the doors,
 While everlasting love displays
 The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God
 With soft compassion rolls :
 Here peace and pardon, bought with blood,
 Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts and all our songs
 Join to admire the feast,
 Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?"]
- 4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice,
 " And enter while there's room ;
 " When thousands make a wretched choice
 " And rather starve than come ?"]
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
 That sweetly forc'd us in :
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.

- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God !
 Constrain the earth to come ;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN XLIX. C. M.

*Presumption and Despair ; or, Satan's various
 Temptations.*

- 1 I HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath ;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms,
 To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear ;
 And holds us still in wide extremes,
 Presumption, or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, " How easy 'tis
 " To walk the road to heav'n ;"
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
 " They cannot be forgiv'n "
- 4 [He bids young sinners, " Yet forbear
 " To think of God or death ;
 " For prayer and devotion are
 " But melancholy breath."
- 5 He tells the aged, " they must die !
 " And 'tis too late to pray ;

“ In vain for mercy now they cry,
 “ For they have lost their day.”

- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit,
 And drags the sons of Adam down
 To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his pow’r,
 Let him in darkness dwell ;
 And that he vex the earth no more,
 Confine him down to hell.

HYMN L. L. M.

I know that my Redeemer lives.

- 1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives !
 He lives, he lives, who once was dead,
 He lives, my everlasting Head.
- 2 He lives, triumphant from the grave,
 He lives, eternally to save ;
 He lives, all-glorious in the sky,
 He lives, exalted there on high.
- 3 He lives to bless me with his love,
 He lives to plead for me above,
 He lives my hungry soul to feed,
 He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives and grants me rich supply,
 He lives to guide me with his eye,
 He lives to comfort me when faint,
 He lives to hear my soul’s complaint.
- 5 He lives to crush the pow’rs of hell,
 He lives that he may in me dwell,

He lives to heal and make me whole
 He lives to guard my feeble soul.

- 6 He lives to silence all my fears ;
 He lives to stop and wipe my tears,
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,
 He lives all blessings to impart.
- 7 He lives my kind, my heavenly friend,
 He lives and loves me to the end ;
 He lives, and while he lives I'll sing,
 He lives my Prophet, Priest and King.
- 8 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
 He lives, and I shall conquer death,
 He lives my mansion to prepare,
 He lives to bring me safely there.
- 9 He lives all glory to his name,
 He lives my Jesus still the same ;
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

HYMN LI. P. M.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God ; he made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train :
 His truth for ever stands secure !
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 • Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

HYMN LII. L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away ;
 Away ye tempters of the mind,
 False as the smooth deceitful sea,
 And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along
 Down to the gulph of black despair ;
 And whilst I listen'd to your song,
 Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
 That warn'd me of that dark abyss ;
 That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
 And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
 I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes :
 O for the pinions of a dove,
 To bear me to the upper skies !

- 5 There, from the bosom of my God,
 Oceans of endless pleasures roll ;
 There would I fix my last abode,
 And drown the sorrows of my soul,

HYMN LIII. P. M.

- 1 **I**N boundless mercy, gracious Lord appear,
 Darkness dispel, the humble mourner cheer;
 Vain thoughts remove, melt down this flinty
 heart ;
 Cause ev'ry soul to choose the better part.
- 2 Thy presence fills the universal space ;
 Thy grace appears to all the fallen race ;
 O visit us with light and life divine,
 Fill ev'ry soul for ev'ry soul is thine.
- 3 The blessed Jesus is my Lord, my love ;
 He is my King from him I would not move,
 Away then all ye objects that divert,
 Nor seek to draw from my dear Lord my heart.
- 4 That uncreated beauty which hath gain'd
 My ravish'd heart, hath all your glory stain'd ;
 His loveliness my soul hath prepossess'd
 And left no room for any guest.

HYMN LIV. C. M.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame or fear,
 Till a new object struck my sight,
 And stopt my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
 In agonies of blood ;
 He fix'd his languid eyes on me,
 As near his cross I stood.

- 3 Sure never till my latest breath,
 Shall I forget that look ;
 He seem'd to charge me with his death,
 Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt ;
 And plung'd me in despair ;
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas ! I knew not what I did,
 But now my tears are vain ;
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
 For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
 I freely all forgive ;
 This blood is for thy ransom paid :
 I died that thou may'st live.
- 7 With pleasing grief and mournful joy.
 My spirits now were fill'd ;
 That I should such a life destroy,
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

HYMN LV. C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.

- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of his hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God
Their only hope and fear.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe.
And bears me on his heart.

HYMN LVI. P. M.

Ceremonial Law ; Heb. iv. 2.

- 1 **I** SRAEL in ancient days,
Not only had a view
Of Sinai in a blaze,
But learn'd the gospel too ;
The types and figures were a glass,
In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice
And blood-besprinkled door,
Seen with enlighten'd eyes,
And once apply'd with power,
Would teach the need of other blood,
To reconcile an angry God.

- 3 The Lamb, the Dove, set forth
His perfect innocence,
Whose blood of matchless worth
Should be the soul's defence;
For he who can for sin atone,
Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head
The people's trespass bore,
And, to the desert led,
Was to be seen no more;
In him our surety seem'd to say,
"Behold I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellow's blood,
The living bird went free;
The type well understood,
Express'd the sinners plea;
Describ'd a guilty soul enlarg'd,
And by a Saviour's death discharg'd
- 6 Jesus, I love to trace
Throughout the sacred page,
The footsteps of thy grace,
The same in ev'ry age!
O grant that I may faithful be
To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me.

HYMN LVII. C. M.

Following the example of Christ.

- 1 IT is a very pleasant thing
To follow Christ our Lord;
And thus obey our heav'nly King,
According to his word.
- 2 Down to the water side we go;
By Christ's example led;

- 3 the same we come also,
 As did our glorious head.
 4 Saviour, we bless thy wond'rous name,
 For thy example bright;
 We love to imitate the same,
 As thou dost us invite.
 5 We are baptiz'd as Jesus was,
 His easy yoke we bear:
 And we are thus baptiz'd, because
 That we his subjects are.
 6 Lord may we to thy glory live,
 Teach us thy heav'nly ways;
 To us thy holy Spirit give,
 And we thy name will praise.
 7 And we thy sacred name profess,
 May we our moments spend
 In ways of truth and righteousness,
 Until our lives shall end.

HYMN LVIII. C. M.

The Heavenly Jerusalem.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 O how I long for thee!
 When will my sorrows have an end;
 Thy joys when shall I see?
 2 Thy walls are all of precious stone;
 Most glorious to behold;
 Thy gates are richly set with pearl,
 Thy street is pav'd with gold.
 3 Thy garden and thy pleasant green
 My study long have been;

Such sparkling light by human sight,
Has never yet been seen.

- 4 If heaven be thus glorious, Lord
Why should I stay from thence?
What folly 'tis that I should dread
To die and go from hence!
- 5 Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end.
- 6 Jesus, my love, to glory's gone,
Him will I go and see,
And all my brethren here below
Will soon come after me.
- 7 My friends I bid you all adieu,
I leave you in God's care;
And if I here no more see you,
Go on I'll meet you there.
- 8 There we shall meet and no more part,
And heaven shall ring with praise,
While Jesus, love in ev'ry heart
Shall tune the song Free Grace.
- 9 Millions of years around may run
Our song shall still increase,
To praise the Father and the Son,
Who brought us home to bliss.
- 10 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

HYMN LIX. L. M.

Not ashamed of Christ.

- 1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush—be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not asham'd of me!
- 7 [His institutions would I prize,
Take up my cross—the shame despise;
Dare to defend his noble cause,
And yield obedience to his laws.]

HYMN LX. P. M.

Friends Parting.

- 1 JESUS, grant us all a blessing,
Send it down Lord, from above ;
May we all go home a praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet above.
- 2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
While together we have been ;
Make us humble, make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet again.
- 3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home ;
And the presence of our Jesus,
Rest upon us ev'ry one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
'Till we all shall meet at home.

HYMN LXI. C. M.

JESUS—*precious to them that believe*, 1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear ;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

- 3 All my capacious powers can wish
 In thee doth richly meet ;
 Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
 Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there ;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
 With my last laboring breath ;
 And dying clasp thee in my arms,
 The antidote of death.

HYMN LXII. P. M.

Buried with Christ in Baptism, Rom. vi. 4.

- 1 JESUS, mighty king in Sion !
 Thou alone our guide shalt be ;
 Thy commission we rely on,
 We would follow none but thee :
- 2 As an emblem of thy passion,
 And thy vict'ry o'er the grave ;
 We who know thy great salvation
 Are baptiz'd beneath the wave.
- 3 Fearless of the world's despising,
 We the ancient path pursue ;
 Buried with our Lord, and rising
 To a life divinely new.

HYMN LXIII. C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

- 1 JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit ;
In Zion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore ;
Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
" When Aaron's is no more ;
- 4 " Melchisedeck, that wond'rous priest,
" That king of high degree,
" That holy man, who Abr'am blest,
" Was but a type of thee."
- 5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above ;
Jesus, our King, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

HYMN LXIV. L. M.

The Restoration.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journey run ;

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax, and wane no more.

- 2 Behold the islands and their kings,
And Europe her best tribute brings :
From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There Persia glorious to behold,
There India shines in eastern gold,
And barbarous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own the Lord.
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
The early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains
The weary find eternal rest ;
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
Death and the curse are known no more,
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat a loud Amen.

HYMN LXV. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, the all sustaining Word,
My fallen spirit's hope,
After thy lovely likeness, Lord,
O when shall I wake up?
- 2 Thou, O my God, thou only art
The life, the truth, the way;
Quicken my soul, instruct my heart,
My sinking footsteps stay.
- 3 Of all thou hast in earth below,
In heav'n above to give,
Give me thine only self to know,
In thee to walk and live.
- 4 Fill me with all the life of love,
In mystic union join
Me to thyself, and let me prove
The fellowship divine.
- 5 Open the intercourse between
My longing soul and thee,
Never to be broke off again
Through all eternity.

HYMN LXVI. L. M.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring,
Accept thy well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 2 Let ev'ry act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee:
Like the blest hour, when from above,
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.

- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold !
- 4 Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

HYMN LXVII. L. M.

*The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms
of the Lord; or, The day of Judgment. Rev.
xi. 15.*

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard through all the sky
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come :
Jesus, the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign !
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the saints no more ;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear ;
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN LXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all :

- Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 Thou know'st the pain thy servants feel;
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And, their best wishes to fulfill,
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 4 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- 5 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad.
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.

HYMN LXIX. L. M.

Life, the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;

Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy buried in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN LXX. S. M.

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ.
Isa. liii. 6—12.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And broke the fold of God ;
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way ;
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did at once his vengeance pour
Upon the Shepherd's head !
- 3 How glorious was the grace
When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
His life and blood the Shepherd pays
A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
Were taken quite away ;

Join'd with the wicked in his death,
And made as vile as they,

5 But God shall raise his head
O'er all the sons of men,
And make him see a num'rous seed,
To recompence his pain.

6 "I'll give him," saith the Lord,
"A portion with the strong :
"He shall possess a large reward,
"And hold his honours long."

HYMN LXXI. L. M.

Divine Influences compared to Rain, Ps. lxxii. 6.

1 LIKE showers on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down,
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.

2 Lands that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Drenching the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As in soft silence vernal showers,
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers,
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heavenly influence let me find
In holy silence of the mind,

While every grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

- 6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on ail mankind,
'Till earth's wild waste in verdure rise,
And a youg *Eden* bless our eyes.

HYMN LXXII. C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
God of eternal love !
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great :
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known :
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove,

HYMN LXXIII. C. M.

Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and Unsanctified Affections.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
My mem'ry can retain !
- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known,
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne !]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love !
How negligent my fear !
How low my hope of joys above !
How few affections there !]
- 5 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN LXXIV. L. M.

Ezekiel's vision of the dry Bones, Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye ;
See Adams's race in ruin lie ;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.
- 2 And can these mouldering corpses live ?
And can these perish'd bones revive ?
That, mighty God, to thee is known ;
'That wondrous work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy ministers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain ;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death :
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice ;
They move, they waken, they rejoice :
- 5 So when thy trumpet's awful sound
Shall shake the heavens and rend the ground,
Dead saints shall from their tombs arise,
And spring to life beyond the skies.

HYMN LXXV. S. M.

On Public Worship.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy sacred feet
Joyful would we appear ;
Within thy earthly temple meet,
To see thy glory here.
- 2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone ;

In humble prayer to bend the knee,
Before thy holy throne.

- 3 Thy word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free ;
'Tis from thyself a heavenly light,
It leads our souls to thee.
- 4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord ;
Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold,
The treasures of thy word.
- 5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are bless'd with good ;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food !
- 6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love ;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

HYMN LXXVI. C. M.

The song of Simeon ; or, Death made desirable.
Luke ii. 27, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,
As happy Simeon came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;
O make our joys the same !
- 2 With what divine and vast delight
The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the holy child !
- 3 " Now I can leave this world," he cried,
" Behold thy servant dies ;

- “ I’ve seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 “ And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 “ This is the light prepar’d to shine
 “ Upon the Gentile lands;
 “ Thine Israel’s glory, and their hope,
 “ To break their slavish bands.”
- 5 [Jesus! the vision of thy face
 Hath overpow’ring charms!
 Scarce shall I feel death’s cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.
- 6 Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break
 How sweet my minutes roll!
 A mortal paleness on my check,
 And glory in my soul.]

HYMN LXXVII. P. M.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me.
 Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow;
 Do not turn away thy face,
 Mine’s an urgent pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am?
 Ah, my Lord, thou know’st my name!
 Yet the question gives a plea,
 To support my suit with thee.
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
 In rebellion blindly bold,
 Scorn thy grace, thy power defy,
 That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair
 Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;

- Mercy heard and set him free,
 Lord, that mercy came to me,
- 5 Many days have pass'd since then,
 Many changes I have seen;
 Yet have been upheld 'till now,
 Who could hold me up but thou?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in every need,
 'This emboldens me to plead;
 After so much mercy past,
 Canst thou let me sink at last?
- 7 No—I must maintain my hold,
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
 I can no denial take,
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

HYMN LXXVIII. L. M.

The Church is the garden of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thine hand;
 Let me within thy courts be seen,
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
 Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
 (Nature decays, but grace must thrive)
 'Time, that doth all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
 The Lord is holy, just and true;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

HYMN LXXIX. L. M.

The Gospel Jubilee, Psalm lxxxix. 15.

- 1 **L** OUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humble at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.
- 4 The rich inheritance of heaven,
Your joy, your hope is freely given;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.
- 5 Her bless'd inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
Their joys still rises with the debt.
- 6 O happy souls that know the sound,
Celestial light their steps surround,
And shew the jubilee begun,
Which thro' eternal years shall run.

HYMN LXXX. L. M.

The grace of God, sovereign, universal and free.

- 1 **M** AGNIFICENT free grace, arise,
Outshine the thoughts of shallow men;

- Sov'reign, preventing all surprize,
To him that neither will'd nor ran.
- 2 Grand as the bosom whence thóu flow'd,
Kind as the heart that gave thee vent;
Rich as the gift that God bestow'd,
And lovely like the Christ he sent.
- 3 Sin reign'd to death; but over sin
And death, with more impartial sway,
Grace spreads her more extensive reign,
And does eternal life convey.
- 4 For us Salvation wide displays,
Her ample all-refreshing wing;
Safe in the shade free grace we praise,
And all its peerless glories sing.

HYMN LXXXI. L. M.

At foot washing.

- 1 **M**AKE up thy jewels Lord, and shew,
The glorious spotless church below,
The fellowship of saints make known,
And oh my God, might I be one.
- 2 O might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesus' witnesses.
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples feet.
- 3 To wait upon his saints below,
On gospel errands for them go,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.

HYMN LXXXII. P.M.

1 **M**ARK the soft-falling snow,
 And the descending rain :
 To heav'n, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters earth
 Through ev'ry pore,
 And calls forth all
 Her secret store.

2 Array'd in beauteous green,
 The hills and vallies shine ;
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine.
 The harvest bows
 Its golden ears,
 The copious seed
 Of future years.

3 " So," saith the God of grace,
 " My gospel shall descend,
 " Almighty to effect
 " The purpose I intend.
 " Millions of souls
 " Shall feel its pow'r,
 " And bear it down
 " To millions more."

HYMN LXXXIII. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
 I read my duty in thy word,
 But in thy life the law appears
 Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here :
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Among'st the foll'wers of the Lamb.

HYMN LXXXIV. L. M.

A Song for Morning or Evening. Lam. iii. 23.
Isa. xlv. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXV. L. M.

Praise for protection, grace and truth.

- 1 **M**y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name ;
Awake my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMN LXXXVI. C. M.

*Divine Drawing celebrated: or, Gratitude the
Spring of true Religion, Hosea xi. 4.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of satan and of sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
One moment takes away;
And grace, when first the war begins,
Secures the crowning day.
- 4 Comfort thro' all this vale of tears
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.
- 5 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
'Till round thy throne we meet;
And captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqueror's feet.

HYMN LXXXVII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y hope, my All, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo! now my soul I bow:
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day;

- In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side,
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me :
As I have need, my Saviour be :
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptations darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's pow'r
Tear ev'ry idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.
- 5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN LXXXVIII. C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace ?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore !
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 4 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King !

My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

- 5 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God ;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.]
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

HYMN LXXXIX. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name ;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away
- 4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ,
Oh may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !

- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come)
 No more a stranger, nor a guest,
 But like a child at home.

HYMN XC. L. M.

At Table.

- 1 **M**Y soul, survey thy happiness,
 If thou art found a child of grace,
 How richly is the gospel stor'd !
 What joy the promises afford !
- 2 All things are now the gift of God,
 And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood ;
 While the good Spirit shews us how,
 To use and to enjoy them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
 They help me Lord to sing thy praise ;
 If bread of sorrow be my food,
 Those sorrows work my real good.
- 4 Be present at our table Lord,
 Be here and every where ador'd :
 Thy people bless, and grant that we,
 May feast in paradise with thee.

HYMN XCI. L. M.

The value of Christ and his Righteousness.
 Phil. iii. 7—9.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done ;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

- 2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain, I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss, for Jesus' sake;
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne
 But faith can answer thy demands,
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN XCII. C. M.

God's tender care of his Church. Is. lix. 13, 14, &c.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God, on his thirsty Sion hill,
 Some mercy drops has thrown,
 And solemn oaths has bound his love
 To show'r Salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspensions and complaints?
 Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her womb,
 And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
 Her suckling have no room?

- 5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
 And mothers monsters prove,
 Sion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.
- 6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
 I have engrav'd her name ;
 My hands shall raise her ruin'd wall,
 And build her broken frame.

HYMN XCIII. L. M.

He hath done all things well.

- 1 **NOW** shall our hearts with pleasure raise
 To our dear Lord a song of praise ;
 We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
 Our Saviour hath done all things well.
- 2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
 And came to save our ruin'd race ;
 He conquer'd sin, and death, and hell ;
 Our Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 He undertook to bear our load,
 And bring us back again to God ;
 To fit us with himself to dwell ;
 Christ Jesus hath done all things well.
- 4 He will accomplish his design,
 And all things in himself combine,
 No more shall ever they rebel ;
 Our Jesus will do all things well.
- 5 His work how great ! his plan how vast !
 But when it all appears at last,
 It will our highest praise excel,
 For Jesus will do all things well.

- 6 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell;
Our Jesus hath done all things well!
- 7 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy;
His love shall then each voice compel
To cry, "He hath done all things well."
- 8 All creatures then as one shall join,
To shout aloud his praise divine!
(As sacred prophecies foretel)
And say, "he hath done all things well."

HYMN XCIV. P. M.

- 1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Mov'd to this by great compassion,
Yearning bowels from within:
I will praise thee:
Where shall I thy praise begin?
- 2 While the angels-choirs are crying;
Glory to the great I am!
I with them would still be vying,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
O how precious:
Is the sound of Jesus' name!
- 3 Now I see, with joy and wonder,
Whence the healing streams arose;
Angels-minds are lost to ponder
Dying love's mysterious cause;
Yet the blessing
Down to all, to me it flows.

- 4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,
 He almighty grace hath shown ;
 Pardon'd guilt and purchas'd favour !
 This he makes to mortals known ;
 Give him glory,
 Glory, glory is his own.
- 5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,
 Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

HYMN XCV. P. M.

- 1 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 And dwell with him above,
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love.
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin ?
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasure in.
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
 My captain's gone before,
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear :
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give ;
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.
- 3 Through grace I am determin'd,
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow—

I bid it all adieu.

And you my friends, be faithful,

And on your way pursue.

- 4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your cares on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heav'nly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love.
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

- 5 O do not be discourag'd,
For Jesus is your friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you up to rest.

HYMN XCVI. L. M.

The delight of public worship.

- 1 **O**F all the pleasures that we know,
Thy service Lord exceeds the best
Though in thy earthly courts below,
What is it then among the blest?
- 2 When we assemble in thy house,
To read thy word, to praise, and pray,
'To hear thy gospel, pay our vows,
With what delight we spend the day!
- 3 How short the hours of worship seem!
What raptures do our spirits feel!

While we can speak and hear of him,
 Who suffer'd death to work our weal !

4 From morn till noon, from noon till eve,
 The pleasing theme we could attend ;
 Such satisfaction we receive
 As strangers cannot comprehend.

5 All earthly joys with these compar'd,
 Are less than nothing in our eyes ;
 Pleasures of sense we disregard,
 And those of sin we would despise.

HYMN XCVII. C. M.

Desiring the first love.

1 **O**H, for a closer walk with God !
 A calm and heav'nly frame !
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
 When first I saw the Lord ?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
 How sweet their mem'ry still !
 But they have left an aching void.
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest !
 I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,

Help me to bear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN XCVIII. L. M.

- 1 OH! give me Lord my sins to mourn—
My sins! which have thy body torn!
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.
- 2 O, could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon that bleeding sight!
O that, with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die!
- 3 I'd smite my breast, and weep and mourn;
And never from the cross return:
I'd weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my tears with Jesus's blood.
- 4 I'd hang around his cross, and cry
" Lord save a soul condemn'd to die!"
O let a wretch come near thy throne,
" To plead the merits of thy Son."

HYMN XCIX. C. M.

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 OH, if my soul was form'd for woe,
How would I vent my sighs!
Repentance should like rivers flow
From both my streaming eyes.

- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groan'd away a dying life,
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucify'd my God;
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood !
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart hath so decreed ;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things,
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst, with a melting broken heart,
 My murder'd Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN C. C. M.

The promised Land.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye,
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
 That rises to my sight !
 Sweet fields array'd in living green,
 And rivers of delight !
- 3 There generous fruits that never fail,
 On trees immortal grow :
 There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,
 With milk and honey flow.

- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore:
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Can here no longer stay:
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

HYMN CL. S. M.

Communion with GOD and CHRIST, 1 John i. 3.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs;
He pardons every day;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.
- 3 How large his bounties are!
What various stores of good
Diffus'd from our Redeemer's hand,
And purchas'd with his blood?

- 4 Jesus, our living head,
 We bless thy faithful care ;
 Our advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.
- 5 Here fix, my roving heart !
 Here wait, my warmest love !
 'Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

HYMN CII. L. M.

Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Drag'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
 Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims those mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew ;
 And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
 Ye everlasting doors give way.

- 6 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
 The Lord of boundless pow'r possess'd ;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN CIII. P. M.

Heavenly Union.

- 1 OUR souls in love together knit,
 Cemented, join'd in one,
 One heart, one voice, one faith, one mind,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.
 Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
 And glow'd with sacred fire ;
 He stoop'd and talk'd, and kindly bless'd,
 And fill'd our large desire.

CHORUS.

A Saviour ! let creation sing,
 A Saviour ! let all heaven ring,
 He's all with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours ;
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er ;
 We're following those who've gone before ;
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore,
 There we shall meet to part no more.

- 2 When thou thy jewels shall make up,
 And set the starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 Be children, sav'd by grace ;
 From glory into glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

A Saviour, &c.

HYMN CIV. S. M.

Christ's Commission. John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the whole earth resound the deeds,
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched race
From this abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror clothes his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
- 5 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
- 6 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

HYMN CV. C. M.

The nativity of Christ.

- 1 " **S**HEPHERDS, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
" And send your fears away;

" News from the regions of the skies !
 " Salvation's born to day.

2 " Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 " Comes down to dwell with you ;

" To-day he makes his entrance here,
 " But not as monarchs do.

3 " No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,
 " Nor royal shining things :

" A manger for his cradle stands,
 " And holds the King of kings.

4 " Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 " And see his humble throne ;

" With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 " Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
 The heav'nly armies throng ;

They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song :

6 " Glory to God, that reigns above ;
 " Let peace surround the earth :

" Mortals shall know their Maker's love
 " At their Redeemer's birth."

7 Lord. and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise ?

O may we lose these useless tongues
 When they forget to praise !

8 Glory to God, that reigns above,
 That pity'd us forlorn ;

We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Saviour born.

HYMN CVI. P. M.

Alarm.

- 1 **S**TOP poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go :
Will you sport upon the brink,
Of everlasting woe.
- 2 Say have you an arm like God,
That you his will oppose ;
Fear you not his iron rod,
With which he breaks his foes ?
- 3 Although your heart's as hard as steel,
Your forehead lin'd with brass ;
God at last will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
- 4 Pale fac'd death will quickly come,
And drag you to the bar ;
There to hear your awful doom,
Will fill you with despair.
- 5 Can you stand that dreadful day,
When judgment is proclaim'd ?
The earth and sea shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame.
- 6 Sinners then in vain will cry,
Who now despise his grace ;
Rocks and mountains on us fall,
And hide us from his face.
- 7 But in the Lord, there still is hope,
You may his mercy know :
Although his arm is lifted up,
He still forbears the blow.

- 3 It was for sinners Jesus died,
 'Tis Christ that bids them come ;
 None that comes shall be deny'd,
 For still he cries there's room.

CHORUS.

Once again I charge you stop,
 For unless you warning take ;
 E'er you are aware you'll drop,
 Into the burning lake.

HYMN CVII. S. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear,
 O may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all,
 Of what we here possess.
- 3 Lord keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears ;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.
- 4 And if we early rise,
 And view th' unweari'd sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.
- 5 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

HYMN CVIII. L. M.

- 1 **T**H' eternal Sov'reign from on high
 Cast on the sons of men his eye,
 To see, if any understood,
 And fear'd, and lov'd their Maker, God.
- 2 But all were sô degen'rate grown,
 None the true God had fully known ;
 Both Jew and Gentile long had been
 By lust enslav'd, and dead in sin.
- 3 Both gone from wisdom's path astray,
 Pursu'd the errors of their way,
 With dismal superstition blind ;
 And causeless terrors fill'd their mind.
- 4 Who, gracious God ! to sinners' eyes
 Could bid the wish'd salvation rise ?
 Thy Son did light and truth display,
 And turn their darkness into day.
- 5 No flesh shall boast of righteousness,
 But guilty shall themselves confess ;
 And, when they hear thy pard'ning voice,
 In thy salvation shall rejoice.

HYMN CIX. S. M.

Moses and Christ ; or, Sins against the Law and the Gospel. John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6. and x. 28, 29.

- 1 **T**HE law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
 Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
 Their diff'rent works were done ;

Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.

- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands
The sov'reign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought,
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN CX. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his vineyard comes,
Our various fruit to see ;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines ev'ry tree.
- 2 Tremble ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand ;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe,
Which arms his awful hand.
- 3 Lord, we adore thy sparing love,
Thy long-expecting grace :
Else had we low in ruin fall'n,
And known no more our place.
- 4 Succeeding years thy patience waits ;
Nor let it wait in vain :
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

HYMN CXI. P. M.

The day of grace.

- 1 **T**HE Lord into his garden came,
 The spices yield a rich perfume,
 The lillies grow and thrive :
 Refreshing show'rs of grace divine
 From Jesus flow to ev'ry vine,
 And makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become.
 The desert blossom as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes,
 And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
 The gracious work is now begun ;
 My soul a witness is,
 I taste and see the pardon free,
 For all mankind, as well as me,
 Who comes to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Saviour pitiful and kind :
 Who will them all receive.
 None are too late who will repent ;
 Out of one sinner legion's went,
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren, you that love the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word ;
 In Jesu's way go on,
 Our troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.

- 6 I feel that heav'n is now begun,
 It issues from the sparkling throne ;
 From Jesu's throne on high
 It comes like floods, we can't contain,
 We drink, and drink, and drink again ;
 And yet we still are dry.
- 7 But when we come to reign above,
 And all surround a throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply.
 Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 That never will run dry.
- 8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and sing,
 And make the upper regions ring ;
 When all the saints get home.
 Come on, come on ! my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there :
 For Jesus bids us come.
- 9 Amen ! amen ! my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
 And claim my mansions sure.
 Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in the heav'nly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

HYMN CXII. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,
 The God of ages praise !
 Who reigns enthron'd on high,
 Ancient of endless days,
 Who lengthens out our trials here,
 And spares us yet another year.

- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,
 We cumber'd long the ground,
 No fruit of holiness
 On our dead souls was found ;
 Yet did he us in mercy spare,
 Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice bar'd the sword,
 To cut the fig-tree down,
 The pity of our Lord
 Cry'd—" Let it still alone :"
 The Father mild inclin'd his ear,
 And spar'd us yet another year.
- 4 Jesus, thy speaking blood
 From God obtain'd the grace,
 Who therefore hath bestow'd
 On us a longer space :
 Thou didst in our behalf appear,
 And lo ! we see another year.
- 5 Then dig about our root,
 Break up our fallow ground,
 And let our gracious fruit
 To thy great praise abound ;
 O let us all thy praise declare,
 And fruit unto perfection bear.

HYMN CXIII. C. M.

The Church is our delight and safety.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too ;
 God is my strength ; nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires,
 O grant me an abode

Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !

- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavillion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

HYMN CXIV. L. M.

The Prodigal Son; or, the repenting Sinner accepted. Luke xv. 32.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God will not despise
The contrite heart for sacrifice ;
The deep fetch'd sigh, the secret groan
Rises accepted to the throne.
- 2 He meets, with tokens of his grace,
The trembling lip, the blushing face ;
His bowels yearn, when sinners pray,
And mercy bears their sins away.
- 3 When fill'd with grief, o'erwhelm'd with
He, pitying, heals their broken frame ; [shame,
He hears their sad complaints, and spies
His image in their weeping eyes.

- 4 Thus, what a rapturous joy possess
The tender parents throbbing breast,
To see his spendthrift son return,
And hear him his past follies mourn !

HYMN CXV. S. M.

Public Worship.

- 1 **T**HE praying spirit breathe,
The watching pow'r impart ;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts opprest ;
Appear, and bid me turn again,
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize ;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.
- 4 Suffer'd no more to rove,
O'er all the earth abroad ;
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN CXVI. C. M.

Praise for the Fountain opened.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;

O may I there, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away !

- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be 'till I die.
- 5 But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save.

HYMN CXVII. C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs :
Death like a narrow sea divides
'This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,

And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]

- 5 O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
To see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeckoned eyes.
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN CXVIII. P. M.

Our God forever and ever, Psalm xlviii. 1st.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend ;
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end :
'Tis Jesus the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come,

HYMN CXIX. P. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the field; the world below,
In which the sower, came to sow,
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares :
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.
- 2 Most awful truth! and is it so,
Must all the world the harvest know ;
Is every man the wheat or tare ;
Then for the harvest O prepare :

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 To love my sins, a saint to appear,
To grow with wheat, and be a tare ;
Will serve me while on earth below,
Where tares and wheat together grow :
But soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

4 But all that truly righteous be,
Their Father's kingdom soon shall see ;
Shine like the sun forever there,
He that hath ears, O let him hear :
And soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

HYMN CXX. C. M.

Christ the Burden of the Song.

1 **T**HOU dear Redeemer dying Lamb,
We love to hear of thee ;
No music's like thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.

2 O let us ever hear thy voice,
In mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest we will rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedeck.

3 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay,
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay :

4 When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all thy favor'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN CXXI. L. M.

Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd.
Solomon Song, i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where dost thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.
- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my beloved leads me home.]

HYMN CXXII. L. M.

Love to God and our Neighbour. Matt. xxii.
37—40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command
“ Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
“ To love thy Maker and thy God,
“ With utmost vigour and delight.

2 " Then shall thy neighbour next in place
 " Share thine affections and esteem ;
 " And let thy kindness to thyself
 " Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove ;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

4 But, Oh, how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXXIII. C. M.

The Passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,
 " Awake, my dreadful sword ;
 " Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
 " My fellow," saith the Lord.

2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,
 And armed, down she flies ;
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
 And bows his head, and dies.

3 But, Oh! the wisdom and the grace
 That join with vengeance now ;
 He dies to save our guilty race,
 And yet he rises too.

4 A person so divine was he,
 Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his soul away,
 And take his life again.

- 5 Live, glorious Lord ! and reign on high !
 Let ev'ry nation sing,
 And angels sound with endless joy
 The Saviour and the King.

HYMN CXXIV. C. M.

A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **T**HUS we commemorate the day,
 On which our dearest Lord was slain ;
 Thus we our pious homage pay,
 Till he appears on earth again.
- 2 Come, great Redeemer, open wide
 The curtains of the parting sky ;
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.
- 3 Come, King of kings, with thy bright train,
 Cherubs, and seraphs, heavenly hosts ;
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
 As far as earth extends her coasts.
- 4 Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;
 Subdue the rebels by thy word,
 And claim the nations for thy own.

HYMN CXXV. L. M.

*Children dying in their Infancy, in the arms of
 Jesus, Matt. xix. 14.*

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine ;
 Thine image trace in every word,
 Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 "I take these lambs," said he,
 "And lay them in my breast ;
 "Protection they shall find in me,
 "In me be ever blest.
- 4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
 "But can't dissolve my love :
 "Millions of infant souls compose
 "The family above.
- 5 "Their feeble frames my power shall raise,
 "And mould with heavenly skill :
 "I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,
 "And hands to do my will."
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,
 And shout with joys divine,
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are
 Shall be for ever thine.

HYMN CXXVI. C. M.

- 1 'TIS good to wait upon the Lord,
 When Christ himself draws near,
 And ev'ry heart with one accord
 Ascends in solemn prayer.
- 2 While thus we feel the Saviour's love
 In heav'nly show'rs descend,
 Our souls commune with saints above
 In bliss that knows no end.
- 3 We taste the precious streams of grace—
 The fountain makes them sing :

We travel through the wilderness—
They sit before the King.

- 4 We pray for grace to hold out well
The conflict but begun;
They of their past engagements tell,
And sing the conquests won.
- 5 We fight the battles of the Lord,
And are sometimes cast down:
They wield no more the warrior's sword,
But wear the conqueror's crown.

HYMN CXXVII. S. M.

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

- 5 To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

HYMN CXXVIII. S. M.

Dependence.

- 1 **T**O keep the lamp alive
 With oil we fill the bowl ;
 'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
 And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
 Supplies the living stream ;
 It is not at our own command,
 But still deriv'd from him.
- 3 Beware of Peter's word
 Nor confidently say,
 " I never *will* deny thee, Lord,"
 But grant I never *may*.
- 4 Man's wisdom is to seek
 His strength in God alone ;
 And e'en an angel would be weak,
 Who trusted in his own.
- 5 Retreat beneath his wings,
 And in his grace confide ;
 This more exalts the King of kings
 Than all your works beside.
- 6 In Jesus is our store,
 Grace issues from his throne ;
 Whoever says, " I want no more,"
 Confesses he has none.

HYMN CXXIX. P. M.

- 1 **T**O the haven of thy breast,
 O son of man, I fly,
 Be my refuge and my rest,
 For O the storm is high !
 Save me from the furious blast,
 A'covert from the tempest be ;
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'er past
 The storm of sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water-spring
 To a dry barren place ;
 O descend on me and bring
 The sweet refreshing grace ;
 O'er a parch'd and weary land
 As a great rock extends its shade ;
 Hide me, Saviour, with thine hand,
 And screen my naked head.
- 3 In the time of my distress
 Thou hast my succour been ;
 In my utter helplessness
 Restraining me from sin :
 O how swiftly didst thou move
 To save me in the trying hour !
 Still protect me with thy love,
 And shield me with thy pow'r.
- 4 First and last in me perform
 The work thou hast begun ;
 Be my shelter from the storm,
 My shadow from the sun :
 Let me hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect glory see,
 Till the sprinkling of thy blood
 Shall take me up to thee.

HYMN CXXX. S. M.

The Lord's Day ; or, Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN CXXXI. P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT now is my object and aim ?
What now is my hope and desire ?
To follow the heavenly Lamb,
And after his image aspire :
My hope is all centred in thee :
I trust to recover thy love ;
On earth thy salvation to see,
And then to enjoy thee above.
- 2 I thirst for a life-giving God ;
A God that on Calvary dy'd ;
A fountain of water and blood,
Which gush'd from Immanuel's side !

I gasp for the stream of thy love,
 'The spirit of rapture unknown;
 And then to redrink it above,
 Eternally fresh from the throne.

HYMN CXXXII. C. M.

A Hymn for a Fast-Day, Gen. xviii. 23—33.

- 1 **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And with a humble fervent prayer,
 For guilty Sodom sued;
- 2 With what success, what wondrous grace,
 Was his petition crown'd!
 The Lord would spare, if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.
- 3 And could a single, holy soul
 So rich a boon obtain?
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,
 And plead with thee in vain?
- 4 Columbia guilty as she is,
 Her numerous saints can boast,
 And now their fervent prayers ascend
 And can those prayers be lost?
- 5 Are not the righteous dear to thee,
 Now as in ancient times?
 Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in its crimes?
- 6 Still are we thine, we bear thy name,
 Here yet is thine abode;
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land,
 Forsake us not, O God.

HYMN CXXXIII. C. M.

Apostacy—Will ye also go away?

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way,
 (Alas! what numbers do!)
 Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
 "Wilt thou forsake me too?"
- 2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
 Unless thou hold me fast;
 I feel I must, I shall decline,
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
 To save a wretch like me:
 To whom, or whither, could I go,
 If I should turn from thee?
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd
 Thou art the *Christ* of *God*;
 Who hast eternal life secur'd
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,
 Could never reach my case:
 Nor can I hope relief to find,
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,
 And bid my fears depart;
 No love but thine can make me bless'd,
 And satisfy my heart.
- 7 What anguish has that question stirr'd,
 If I will also go?
 Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
 I humbly answer, No!

HYMN CXXXIV. C. M.

*The lost sheep found ; or, Joy in Heaven on the
Conversion of a Sinner, Luke xv. 3, 4.*

- 1 **W**HEN some kind shepherd from his fold,
Has lost a straying sheep,
Through vales, o'er hills, he anxious roves,
And climbs the mountain's steep.
- 2 But O the joy ! the transport sweet !
When he the wanderer finds ;
Up in his arms he takes his charge,
And to his shoulder binds.
- 3 Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
And make his bliss complete :
The neighbours hear the news, and all
The joyful shepherd greet.
- 4 Yet how much greater is the joy
When but one sinner turns ;
When the poor wretch with broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns !
- 5 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,
In songs their tongues employ ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 6 Well-pleas'd the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner weep ;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And owns him for his sheep.
- 7 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire :
" A wandering sheep's return'd," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre,

HYMN CXXXV. L. M.

The happiness of being with Christ.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scene on either hand,
My spirit struggles with my clay,
And longs to wing his flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be ;
And fains my much lov'd Lord to see ;
Earth, twine no more about my heart ;
For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic convoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home ;
Ye know the way to Jesu's throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.
- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet !
To fall transported at his feet !
Rais'd in his arms to see his face
Through the full beamings of his grace.
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing !
To fly as on a cherub's wings !
Performing with unweary'd hands
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet with these prospects full in sight,
We'll wait thy signal for the flight ;
For while thy service we pursue,
We find a heav'n begun below,

HYMN CXXXVI. C. M.

Why weepest thou ? John xx. 13.

- 1 **W**HY, O my soul, why weepest thou ?
Tell me from whence arise

Those briny tears that often flow,
Those groans that pierce the skies ?

2 Is sin the cause of thy complaint,
Or the chastising rod ?
Dost thou an evil heart lament.
And mourn an absent God ?

3 Lord, let me weep for nought but sin,
And after none but thee,
And then, I would, O that I might !
A constant weeper be !

HYMN CXXXVII. L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die !
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste ;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft, as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN CXXXVIII. C. M.

*Desertion and hope ; or, Complaint of absence
from public worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again ?
So long an absence from thy face
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast ;
The foe insults without controul,
“ And where’s your God at last ? ”
- 4 ’Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days ;
Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.
- 5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far,
Beneath this heavy load ?
My spirit, why indulge despair,
And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove ;
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

HYMN CXXXIX. S. M.

Waiting for the Coming of his Lord ; or, the active Christian, Luke xii. 35—38,

- 1 YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.
- 2 Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame ;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.
- 3 Watch, 'tis your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crown'd.
- 5 Christ shall the banquet spread
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6. No. Walter

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